

THE DAILY NEWS.

By P. M. HALE, PRINTER TO THE STATE.
L. L. POLK, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

RALEIGH, N. C.

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IMMIGRATION.

In 1872 the total immigration to this country was 294,581, the largest number that had ever been reached. But it is likely to be exceeded the present year, as for the first six months, ending June 30th, the number was 177,000. The largest number for any one month was in May last, 55,083; the next largest number was for the same month in 1872, 51,317. Germany furnishes the largest part of the immigrant population, and the great bulk of it continues to flow to the Northwest. But in the industrial revolution that is going on in the South, why should it not be aided and impelled by an influx of immigrants who would bring capital, skill, muscle, energy and enterprise to the hopeful work? That North Carolina is improving no one can doubt. That there exists among her people, and especially her industrial classes, a deep and prevailing desire to avail themselves of every means for advancement, is apparent to any one enjoying intercourse with them. Among the more intelligent of her people, there is an almost universal desire to see a substantial class of immigration introduced. Our Legislature a time and again since they have instituted measures such as they hoped might induce immigration, but they all failed. The last, most important, and by far, we think, the most feasible plan is the one marked out in the act establishing our State Department of Agriculture, and which is being prosecuted with all the energy which the means at the command of the Board will allow. A salaried agent, thoroughly competent for the work, was sent by the Board to England in March last, and he writes very encouragingly of the prospect. He is supplied with maps, pamphlets, specimens, &c., to illustrate the physical characteristics of the State, and also a descriptive catalogue of lands which have been placed in the hands of the Department by our citizens for sale. The greatest obstacle in his way, he reports, is the profound ignorance prevailing among the masses of the English people with regard to North Carolina.

This ignorance of us is likely to last until we devise means to remove ignorance from among us. The English are uninformed of us, because we are not properly informed ourselves and make no mark upon the times in which we live. We invoke immigration; we feel its need; we make appropriations to promote it. It is made the special charge of one department of our government. But can we rationally expect immigration here while our common schools remain as they are? A man expatriates himself to better the condition of his family. In general those of the better class have barely means to buy and stock a small farm. If life and health are spared the immigrant he has confidence that under a good Providence all will be well with him and his. But that dread contingency—how uncertain are both! If he is stricken down, then comes the struggle on the part of his bereaved ones for the mere necessities of life. This, too, among strangers to his blood and frequently to his race. Food and raiment are then the only consideration; education is no longer to be thought of. Can we wonder that with such possibilities before him the immigrant to America turns to those States which hold out to him the certainty that if he be cut off or disabled, education, with all its countless blessings, will be secured to his children? He who expects anything else ignores the strongest and most sacred feelings of the human heart. It would be unnatural if the immigrant did not seek his home there. Immigration will flow upon us if we secure to the immigrant like advantages here.

When Mr. GARFIELD went to Congress in 1863 he was so poor that they got up what they call in the Campbellite Church "a donation party," to raise means to pay his expenses to Washington. He is now accounted a very wealthy man. So Congressman FIELD, of Michigan, tells the Detroit Free Press. His salary is \$5,000 a year, and it is not easy for a Congressman with a family to live within it. Yet Mr. GARFIELD has done that, and laid up a fortune. Secretary SHERMAN went to Washington as poor as General GARFIELD, and is a millionaire. Some men can make money on some Congressional committees. The people lose it.

Secretary SHERMAN says that he is piling up silver dollars in the Treasury because he can't induce the people to receive them. They will have paper or gold. Mr. SHERMAN's last Treasury statement shows that, while he has 44,000,000 silver dollars, he has over \$50,000,000 of paper piled up, and \$126,000,000 in gold. According to his statement, nobody wants either paper or gold. The Secretary's attempts to keep silver from circulation are antagonistic to the interests of the silver-producing States and Territories, and the people in those sections do not look with pleasure on his course, or that of the Republican candidate for the Presidency, who fought against the silver dollar with all his might and main.

SLAVERY AND DEMOCRACY.

Secretary SHERMAN has been to Virginia and has gone back to Washington deeply impressed with the great work done for the South, by the Giver of all good, and the evil wrought the South by neglect to take advantage of it. He conveys his impressions to the public through what is called a religious paper, the New York Independent. He finds that Virginia's soil is rich, its climate genial, its mineral wealth immense, its harbors safe, and wonders that a State "with 45,000 square miles of land, with 2,500 miles of tidal water, though the oldest settlement in the country, contains but 1,250,000 inhabitants, is deeply in debt, with impaired credit, and with a tendency among its people to emigrate into new States." The causes of this lamentable state of things, he says, are "Slavery and Democracy."

Slavery undoubtedly did much to retard the growth of the South, as growth was understood North. It passed away near twenty years ago, and there is no need now to discuss its goods or its ills. The slave is free: so is his former master. Peculiarly the latter profits most by the change, and the South is growing and will grow. That its growth has not equaled that of the North and West is evident, but the Louisville Courier-Journal says, and says truly, that the causes are not to be found in the resolutions of '98. These are mainly to be traced to the Republican party. The war disorganized the labor system of the South and prostrated all of its industries, but it stimulated the growth of manufactures in New England, the building of railroads in the North and West, and made a place through all of the unsettled regions beyond the Mississippi for the "pauper labor of Europe," and turned the great tide of immigration in that direction. Here lies one of the gravest misfortunes of the war to the South, and from which it will take many years to recover. While the South was being devastated and its railroads destroyed, the West was having railroads built by the Government, and its wildernesses conquered by the immigrant.

After the war came even the greater curse of reconstruction. The necessities of the Republican party demanded that the South be kept in subjection, and the vilest, the most reckless and the most ignorant men who ever seized the reins of government were placed in a position to rule over the Southern country. The South has had no chance to grow, to develop, to improve during the past twenty years, a period remarkable for the growth of the West. What has been done has been the work of the past four years alone. "The workshops of Lowell and of Lawrence," says Mr. SHERMAN, "might have been more readily located on the James or Potomac than upon the Merrimac." True; but agriculture was profitable in Virginia, and it was not profitable in New England. The inhabitants there were driven by necessity to manufacturing. With the Republican party came the protective tariff, which is a system that builds up New England by levying tribute upon the tobacco growers and the cotton planters of the South, and the grain raisers of the West. The tariff builds up in New England a privileged class, a sacred aristocracy, by a system that in all its essential features is as objectionable as slavery was said to be. Slavery, it was said, took the profit of the laborer and gave it to the master; the tariff takes the profit from the agriculturist and gives it to the manufacturer. This tariff is unequal and unjust in theory and in practice; it protects New England against Old England, but it does not protect the "infant industries" of the West and South from the competition of the subsidized institutions of New England. Manufactures are gradually developing in the South, but they will grow not by the aid of the tariff but in spite of the heavy discriminations which it imposes. In a future, not far distant, the politicians will witness a transformation in the South, brought about, not by taxing the many for the benefit of the few, not by plundering the poor to add to the wealth of the rich, but by the natural development which is going on in spite of unnatural and unjust laws.

SOME of the Republicans are calling for an active campaign by Northern actors in the South. We fear that they will not try it. Shrewd men manage their canvasses, and they know "that cock won't fight." The South is open to them for any sort of "free speech" they like; but if the "free speaking" is done, the North may find out the falsehood of all the Southern outrage talk, and may do some free voting. Moreover, if Mr. BLAINE, and Mr. HOAR, and all that lot can be induced to come South and speak the speeches they speak in ignorant New England; denounce Southern men as traitors, rebels, and conspirators; slander Southern women; ridicule Southern efforts to recover prosperity; charge the Southern people with wholesale murder and torture of negroes; the largest Democratic vote ever cast in the South will be the result. They will do as much for Democracy in the South as the nomination of GRANT would have done.

General Hancock's letter of acceptance will not be ready for a fortnight yet. He has been so crowded with visitors and business that he has not yet had time to begin it.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]
NEW YORK, July 14, 1880.

EDITOR NEWS:—I am glad to see in Sunday's News your proper tribute to the personal and literary merits of Professor Henry E. Shepherd, who has very deservedly been placed at the head of the University Normal School during the present session. I have reason to know how high he ranks in Baltimore, as well as among the most eminent philologists in other parts of this country and in Europe, and his native State may well treasure him among her comparatively few who have devoted themselves to literary pursuits. He has achieved more reputation as a specialist in English than any other North Carolinian that I know of, and it is safe to predict that he will give a great impetus to the study of our mother tongue through an awakened interest among the teachers assembled at Chapel Hill. Our own language should have our first care, and any one who marks how deficient in it even educated men sometimes are, must rejoice to see some of the attention now given to the dead and the foreign languages transferred to the English.

The improved condition of the country is shown by Dun, Barlow & Co.'s report of the failures during the first half of this year, which numbered only 2,497, with liabilities amounting to only thirty-three millions of dollars; whereas during the first half of 1879 the failures amounted to sixty-five millions, and for the first half of 1878 to one hundred and thirty millions. This is a vast change for the better, though there is still room for improvement. I recently heard a prediction that in twenty years from this time the South would be the richest section of the Union. I am not so hopeful as that, but it has the elements of wealth, and its people appear to be determined to make them available, and if they can but get good government, as they are now pretty well assured of, their condition will doubtless be vastly improved.

A morning paper gives the names of fifty-one children under two years of age who died on Tuesday in this city. The hot weather is murdering the innocents. The death of Gen. Hancock's grandson, Winfield Scott Hancock, Jr., aged four and a half months, occurred on the same morning at Governor's Island. The child had recently arrived with its parents from Missouri, and had been removed from its grandfather's to a neighboring house for the sake of quiet. It died in the morning before the committee arrived to inform Gen. Hancock officially of his nomination. What a commentary upon human ambivalence—the dead child in the presence of a joyous family, and of the representative of a great political party inviting the sorrowing parent to accept the highest honors of his country!

There is a magical power in wealth when it is in the hands of enterprising people. The wonders of Coney Island, which only a few years ago was a *terra incognita*, and is now covered with immense hotels and thronged daily by countless thousands in search of pure air and salt water and lager, even Coney Island is thrown into the shade by a kindred enterprise. Only think of it, that in sixty days time a hotel nine hundred feet long, a hundred and fifty feet wide, four stories high, has been built and will be opened to receive its thousands on next Saturday. It is on the same Long Island shore, ten or twelve miles from Coney Island, and half an hour by rail from this city, where a company of capitalists has purchased seven miles of the finest sea beach and put up this great hotel, and sixteen dwellings and sixteen hundred bathing houses—all since the 15th of May.

The official contractor was lately notified by the police that a dead dog was lying in the off-up town streets, and he was ordered to remove it. He looked at it, found it to be a dead goat, and left it. At the end of a week he was again notified, and then excused himself by stating that he had been ordered to remove a dog, not a goat! This is on a par with the case of a Spanish King who was asked to desist because the officer whose business and privilege it was to remove him from before a hot fire was not present to perform that office.

Raleigh District Conference.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]
CLAYTON, July 16, 1880.

EDITOR NEWS:—The Fourteenth Annual Session of the Raleigh District Conference assembled in the M. E. Church yesterday at 11 o'clock.

The Conference was opened with singing, prayer and reading of the Scriptures by the Presiding Elder, and prayer by Rev. J. A. Cunningham.

The pastoral charges were called by D. W. Bain, Secretary of last Conference. There are thirteen charges in this District, composed of three stations and ten circuits.

D. W. Bain was re-elected Secretary, and George S. Baker Assistant. The Presiding Elder, Rev. P. L. Herman, and S. H. Whitaker, were appointed committee on public worship. Rev. T. B. Reeks, Rev. L. H. Shell and Prof. W. C. Doub, Rev. W. S. Black and P. L. Herman were appointed a committee on Missions.

The different charges were called to report as to the spiritual condition of their churches, at the conclusion of which the Presiding Elder spoke earnestly of the important feature of spirituality in the churches. He suggested there was a perceptible quickening in the great movement of bringing the Church up to a point of deeper spirituality, and earnestly invoked divine aid to labors of the pastor and people in this direction.

By the Sea.

[Correspondence of THE RALEIGH NEWS.]
MOREHEAD CITY HOTEL, July 15, 1880.

EDITOR NEWS:—What a delightful position is that of the proprietor of a summer hotel when, at half past twelve a. m., a weary crowd of dusty ladies and gentlemen, with nurses and children of all ages plentifully sprinkled through it, comes down on him expecting comfortable accommodation in the "grand new hotel," and there is not a room to be had! No, not even a bed. I am sure his worst enemy would have found a soft place in his heart last night for Mr. Freeman, as he stood, utterly helpless, before such an avalanche, amid cries of "But I telegraphed you to save me a room!" "Didn't you get my letter telling you I would be here to-night with a party of ten?" And here arises a serious question, namely:

WHAT BECOMES OF THE POSTAL CARDS? Not one of the innumerable ones written to engage rooms had reached the proprietor, and yet, though somebody was hurt, nobody was to blame; and I mentally resolved never to trust to one again when I found mine was among the missing, and I had the pleasant prospect before me of sitting till four a. m., in a parlor chair, and then taking the cars back to Newbern. I think Mr. Freeman would have torn his hair—if he had more of it—as the mothers the babies, the nurses and the unprotected females surged around him in the parlor, when all he could promise was one mattress on the floor for the babies, till after four, when fifty or sixty sensible people would vacate rooms for the foolish who had none.

There are two kinds of force which women can bring to bear on men—the violently aggressive, and the passive feigned resistance, that meekly takes every blow of fortune without striking back, but without being cast down, offering no resistance, but quietly rising back into position as soon as the pressure is removed. I have always found this last the most effective weapon one can use, so quietly announcing my intention of going back to the cars for the night, and home in the morning, I so effectually melted the heart of Capt. John Richardson, of the Atlantic and North Carolina Road, that he went to work, lantern in hand, like Diogenes, looking not for an honest, but a gallant man, and finding two young gentlemen who intended leaving at four, but hoped to enjoy their room till that hour; he so worked on their sympathies that they took the cars and left me their room, which I shared for the night with Mrs. P. C. Monteiro, of Greenville, and where I am at present domiciled, having a delightful bed, two chairs, a looking glass, and standing washstand with marble basin and water pipes and

NOT ONE DROP OF WATER.

It was amusing this morning to hear the cries for water and towels around me. An ex-General called loudly for "a bucket full of water and six towels." He might as well have called for a battery and six regiments. A lady meekly put out a small sized pitcher, used for ice water, and asked for that to be filled and one towel to be brought her, while the chambermaid bullied the waiter in the hall for stealing "two of her drinking pitchers for the gentlemen, who could go to the bath house and wash, but could not have her ladies' pitchers." The pipes have been out of order, or rather have not been completed, and with "water, water everywhere," there has been scarcely "a drop to drink," till about breakfast time to-day, when, with a rush and gurgle, all the pipes, vainly turned heretofore, began at once to flow, and we managed to get enough to wash our faces without following the gentlemen's example and going to the bath house.

It was a great mistake to open the hotel before it was completed, as it is impossible to carry on operations successfully with the passages lumbered with rolls of matting to be put down, bedsteads to be put up, paint pots, boxes of goods, barrels, and dirt inconceivable from painters and carpenters.

I have not been over the house, which seems well planned, but there is one radical defect in it, which makes all the young folks sigh for the "Old Atlantic"; there are no

COURTING CORNERS.

no "walks on the bridge," no deserted galleries; in fact, no galleries of any kind outside of the house, except one in front of the parlor, which is away from the water and consequently cut off from the breeze. The ball-room is very fine, and has a gallery all round it, but none opening from it to the ocean, which is a great want. The ceiling of the parlor is entirely too low, for either beauty or comfort, and ladies who have a reputation for singing object to raising their voices inside of it in song, but loudly raise them in complaint.

I have just heard that the stock was all taken up yesterday for re-building the old Atlantic Hotel on its original site, and that it will be completed by next season. Judging from the crowd now pouring in here every night, there will be ample custom to sustain two good hotels during the season, and competition being the life of trade, it will not injure the Morehead City Hotel to have one on the other side. I hear there are several families here from Georgia and South Carolina, and doubtless this place and Beaufort will become summer resorts for persons from a distance as well as for our own people.

I see among the guests Colonel Wharton J. Green and family of Warren county, Dr. R. B. Hayward and family of Raleigh, with his niece, Miss Griffin, of New York, and General Robert Ransom, of Newse River obstruction fame, while Mrs. Monteiro and her two daughters, Mrs. Latham and Mrs. Skinner, came down with me.

In my next I can tell the readers of THE NEWS something of the belles of the ball-room, as my room looks into it, and I can take notes at my ease. M. B. C.

PERQUIMANS COUNTY NOTES.—
Durant's Neck, July 11.—Crops, both corn and cotton, unusually good. Major Louis Latham will be our nominee for Congress without opposition, we think, and be elected. The people are well pleased with our State ticket, as well as National, and we feel like the enemy will be routed next time horse, foot and dragons. "So mote it be."

"Yes," said Johnny, "lapses may be the Latin for 'slip,' but when mother laps us it usually means a slipper."

CLEVELAND COUNTY.

Its Enterprise and Advantages.

[From the Shelby Aurora.]

When the war closed the county of Cleveland scarcely sent one thousand bales of cotton to market. Her town was barely half its present size and her business a mere trifle compared with its present proportions. Despite the heavy taxes imposed by an indebted county and State government and the poverty that stared the good people in the face at the close of the war, her farmers have steadily prospered and by constant industry have added to their means. Evidences of thrift are apparent on every hand, and we cannot but feel a glow of pride when we note how rapidly we are advancing. Machine shops capable of turning out anything from a delicate sewing machine up to a steam engine have been erected, and all we need now is more capital to be invested in manufacturing to make us one of the very best counties in the State. Our pure air and water, our cheap lands and labor, our abundant timber and water power are fine fields for investment of the capital of our Northern friends which is now paying them so low a rate. Here we have all the advantages that could be desired and an abundance of cotton raised in our county to give profitable employment to many thousands of dollars now paying scarcely any interest.

And strange to say but one cotton mill has been put up in our county since the war. Messrs. Schenck, Falls & Co. built a small mill on Knob Creek in 1873. About the spring of 1874 the Messrs. Falls sold their interest to Mr. E. G. Ramsour, and it is now operated by Schenck, Ramsour & Co. They have only 828 spindles and 20 looms. We are informed by one of the firm that they are getting off of the 828 spindles 515 pounds No. 10 warps per day, which is said to be very good spinning. Their 20 looms are capable of turning off about 800 yards 4-4 domestics per day. They have room in their mill to double their capacity and hope to do so. Their power will drive 5,000 spindles. During the year ending June 1st they used 352 bales of cotton weighing 176,000 pounds, out of which they made 163,200 pounds No. 10 warps—giving employment to about 30 laborers and paying over \$3,000 wages.

There is one other cotton mill in the county (Double Shoals); it is erected before the war and is now operated by Messrs. Morgan, Falls & Co. We have not the figures before us but we learn that the capacity of the Double Shoals Factory is about the same as that of the Cleveland Mills and it gives employment to about the same number of hands.

After the Brethren.

[Statesville Landmark.]

We have for some time known that an advertisement a quarter of a column in length could secure insertion in some of the newspapers of North Carolina for six months for the worth of a pair of second-hand breeches, but when a mountain fruit grower can get his products advertised pretty well all over the State by lying in wait for the Press Association and tossing an apple to each member thereof; and when the manufacturer of a certain brand of tobacco, which has already gotten an amount of free advertising altogether out of proportion to its merits, can get it still further advertised in fifty or sixty newspapers by giving each editor a chess board, a palm leaf fan and a four-ounce package of smoking tobacco—we say when it has got to this time has emphatically come when a stop should be put to this talk about the dignity of the profession of journalism!

Reform the Shirt-Sleeves.

[From the New York Times.]

How the custom of making shirt-sleeves four inches too long originated is a very interesting question. It is undoubtedly closely connected with the theory and practice of tucks. From time immemorial the careful mother when making clothing for her small-boy has provided against the contingency of his outgrowing his clothes by putting tucks in the legs of his trousers and the sleeves of his shirts and coats. Tucking consists simply in folding a leg or a sleeve so as to reduce its length. The fold is carefully stitched, and when the boy outgrows the original garment the tucks are let out, and the leg or sleeve is thus made longer. A tuck is really a reefed leg, and the process of lengthening it is analogous to that of shaking out a reef in a topsail.

Now, it is obvious that tucks, which are essentially ungraceful and betray too plainly a thrifty and economical spirit, cannot be forced upon men. Boys must submit to them, as they do to many other evils, but when a boy becomes a man he repudiates tucks. He employs men to make his coats and his trousers, and the masculine tailor knows nothing of the art of tucking. Women, however, retain in all communities the right and privilege of shirt-making, subject only to the condition that they must not put tucks in the sleeves. With their ineradicable conservatism they insist upon making shirt-sleeves as much too long in the case of men as they have been accustomed to make them in the case of boys. Not being permitted to correct this error by tucking, the excessive length of the sleeves is at once perceived by the wearer, and he goes through life a victim to the vicious conservatism of the shirt-making sex.

Some day there will arise a bold and original thinker, who will stand over his wife with a heavy, persuasive argument, and induce her to make his shirt-sleeves just long enough and no longer. The emancipation of man will date from that grand event, and in a few years men will read with wondering pity of their predecessors who submitted to wearing shirt-sleeves of preposterous length, and never dreamed of freeing themselves by the exercise of the right of revolution.

WAIFS.

A lawyer wrote "rascal" on the hat of a brother lawyer, who on discovering it entered a complaint in open court against the trespasser, who he said had not only taken his hat, but had also written his own name in it.

The late Dr. Bethune asked a morose and miserly man how he was getting along. The man replied: "What business is that of yours?" Said the doctor: "O, sir, I am one of those who take an interest even in the meanest of God's creatures."

Radicals Making Up Quarrels.

[Special to the Baltimore Sun, 16th.]

WASHINGTON, July 15.—The President has fully committed himself and his administration to every effort to bring about the election of the Republican nominees in November next. The last doubts as to his intentions were removed to-day by his talk and assurances to Marshall Jewell, the chairman of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Jewell came here by appointment to see and confer with the President and Senator Don Cameron about the canvass.

The President promised Mr. Jewell in his promises of help to the party which placed him in the White House, and told Gov. Jewell that while he entertained no doubt of his service to-day, he was ready to respond to any demands upon him. This is believed to mean that the famous civil service order No. one is to be cast aside, and the thousands of Federal officials all over the country to not only be permitted but instructed to go to work under fear of executive displeasure, for the Republican ticket. Gov. Jewell came from the White House delighted with his interview with the President, and could not restrain his enthusiasm and joy, but talked quite freely about it to many persons who called upon him.

Simultaneous with the appearance of Mr. Jewell also came Senator Don Cameron, looking the very picture of health, and not with one foot in the grave, as recently reported. These two political magnets held a long conference, which, Gov. Jewell afterwards said, was very satisfactory, although he would not give out any of the details. It is reasonably certain that Senator Cameron was giving his successor lessons in the art of carrying elections, as well as how to manage a Presidential campaign. It would seem as though there was an object in having the story circulated about Senator Cameron's ill-health. He declined the chairmanship of the national committee upon the ground that he needed complete rest, but now, after a lapse of only one week since the meeting of the Republican committee, Mr. Cameron appears and says he has entirely recovered, and feels strong enough to return to Pennsylvania and organize the party there for the future struggle.

Senator Cameron's Mental Condition.

[New York Herald, 15th.]

WASHINGTON, July 14.—The health of Senator Don Cameron, it is said, is such as to truly alarm his family and friends, and there are several stories in circulation as to the cause of his sudden decline. It will perhaps be remembered that when at Chicago he was very ill for several days, complaining mainly of sciatica. He recovered sufficiently to preside at the meeting of the National Committee and his behavior that night made members of the committee very angry, it being charged that he was either a knave or a fool, and either would disqualify him from remaining at the head of the committee. His manner was attributed to his extreme zeal for Gen. Grant, and those opposed to him charitably excused his conduct on account of that zeal. His subsequent action in begging the majority of the committee not to depose him, so contrary to his conduct the preceding night, made those who knew him best wonder what strange spell had come over him. After the Convention assembled, and further on when the work was finished, Senator Cameron told two stories of his relation to the Grant boom and bewilderment his friends by the contrariety of his recitals. No one supposed at the time that there was anything wrong with the Senator, but those who were brought into personal contact with him at Chicago, and now recall the singular conduct manifested on the two occasions when he first defied the majority of the committee, and then, to use the words of a member of the committee, "pitiously begged that he should not be removed, promising obedience to the will of the majority," say that he could not have been in his right mind. Since he has been in White Sulphur Springs his health has been, it is said, very much worse, and his father hastened to the Springs yesterday much distressed on account of the reports received by him.

The Radical Campaign Plan.

[Special to the New York Herald, 15th.]

WASHINGTON, July 14.—* * * From a remark made by Mr. Jewell it would be inferred that the plan of the campaign to be conducted by this party purposes the ignoring of personal attacks upon the Democratic candidates and a vigorous contest for the supremacy of the Republican party on its political and historical merits. The assertion that the South is solidly Democratic is to be met by hard fight in four or five Southern States, including Virginia, North Carolina and perhaps South Carolina, Florida and West Virginia. It is understood that the campaign in Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana will be left to the State committees, there being in these States besides the Presidential issue the contest for the State Legislature, which necessarily develops the entire strength of the party in the hope of securing a Republican Senator from each of these States. New York State will be carefully nursed by the National Committee and the aid of the campaign fund judiciously extended wherever it will do the most good.

The Agricultural Bureau at Washington has long been puzzled to know why the neck of a gourd curls to the left instead of the right, and last spring Commissioner Le Due sent out a new sort of seed in hopes to make a change. In a letter from him read at the last meeting of the Detroit Lime-Kiln Club, says the Free Press, he expressed the hope that the club would render him valuable aid in his great undertaking to produce gourds with a crook to the right. The Commissioner is determined to accomplish his object if it breaks the neck of every squash in the country.

Thumping a Woman.

A candid brute was before a New York corner's jury on Wednesday on a charge of murdering his wife. He confessed having struck the poor woman, who was an invalid, "A woman needs a few thumps once in a while," said the witness. Evidently a little thumping will not hurt this man, and he is likely to find out how it feels.

The Suspicious Husband's End.

[From the New York Times.]

What originally caused Mr. McGinnis of Clinton, Ill., to doubt the sincerity of Mrs. McGinnis's love for him is not known. The pair had lived together in comparative peace and happiness for nine years. To be sure, Mr. McGinnis had sometimes expressed annoyance at the cold dinners which were set before him on washing-day, and had occasionally remarked that all was a mere crazy on the subject of house-cleaning; and there had been occasions when Mrs. McGinnis had appealed to the mop-handle to enforce her views, or had indulged in the wild justice of the stove-lid when her feelings had been violently lacerated. Nevertheless, the wretched life of the McGinnises was on the whole successful, and their neighbors would have been greatly surprised had any one hinted that Mrs. McGinnis was not warmly attached to her husband.

When Mr. McGinnis began to ask himself if he was quite sure that his wife loved him, his peace of mind vanished. He is a middle-aged respectable man, engaged in the manufacture of hats, and entirely dependent for his happiness upon his beloved wife. No sooner had the unlucky thought entered his head that perhaps he did not really care for him than he began to notice any quantity of trifles, nearly as light as atmospheric air, which to his morbid imagination seemed evidence of his wife's coldness. The cold dinner on Mondays and the semi-annual house-cleaning gradually presented themselves to him in the light of heartless persecutions. If Mrs. McGinnis went to bed early, he assumed that she did it to rid herself of his society, and if she sat up late, he decided that she was influenced by a desire to watch him and prevent him from exercising his marital right of snoring in his chair. He imagined that she manifested in countless ways, both her want of love for him and the hypocrisy with which she tried to conceal it; and thus looking upon her who was the wife of his bosom—and also, presumably, of his shoulders and the back of his neck—with suspicion, he became a miserably unhappy man.

In course of time it seemed to Mr. McGinnis that it would be well to test his wife's affection. In pursuance of this idea, he devised various little plans of more or less ingenuity. On one occasion he asked Mrs. McGinnis up in the middle of the night and in a whisper informed her that he was dying. The good woman promptly arose, and preparing a mustard plaster, placed it where it would do the most good, and exhibited a solicitude that was quite satisfactory. The unfortunate man, however, was not contented, and tried the experiment a second time, when upon Mrs. McGinnis remarking, "Fiddlesticks!" which was heartless as well as irrelevant, and told him to go to sleep and let it be all right in the morning. Being thus again filled with suspicion, as to the state of his wife's affections, Mr. McGinnis tried further tests. One evening he informed her that he had been shot at by three ruffians, who swore that they would kill him sooner or later. Instead of bursting into tears and begging him to take care of his precious life, Mrs. McGinnis calmly remarked: "John, I want you to sign the pledge this minute, and don't you ever dare to come home in such a shameful state again," and thereupon compelled her husband, who was far more sober than the average member of an elective Judiciary, to then and there sign a total abstinence pledge. Still the miserable man hankered for further tests, and he even took the ill-judged liberty of informing his wife that his health was becoming undermined by cold water; that if she really cared whether he lived or died she must give him a hot dinner on Mondays. She told him that if he wanted to die he might, but she did not propose to take the boiler off from the fire and thus interfere with the washing, in order to pamper any silly fool that ever lived, and the sooner you make up your mind to that, John McGinnis, the better, and don't let me see you coming into the kitchen Mondays if you know what's best for yourself."

In the opinion of Mr. McGinnis, these tests all pointed to a lack of affection which was to the last degree painful to him. He ceased for a time to make any further experiments, and assumed a sad, despairing look, which he rather thought would move the heart of a brass monkey, had there been a metallic animal of that species in the neighborhood. It finally occurred to him that suicide would be the thing to excite any slight particle of pity that might still linger in his wife's bosom. So he happened that he lived in a three-story house, and the joint bedroom of himself and Mrs. McGinnis was the two-pair back room. One afternoon he mounted to the third story, carrying the clothes of the line around his body, just under the arms, and the other end to the leg of a bedstead. Then opening the window, he carefully lowered himself until he dangled opposite his bedroom window, in which situation he attracted his wife's attention. That estimable woman was at last convinced that her husband was in earnest, and that he had actually hanged himself. Filled with horror, she sprang to the window, and remembering that a person who has hanged himself should be cut down as soon as possible, she cut the cord with a large pair of scissors. Mr. McGinnis fell heavily to the ground, and when he was subsequently picked up he had just strength enough left to remark that at last he was satisfied, and then hastily expired.

This incident affords a valuable precedent to men who desire to know if their wives really love them. It would, however, be well for any husband who proposes to hang himself to so manage the affair that his feet shall be but a few inches from the ground. When, in such circumstances, he is cut down by a horrified wife, he will be none the worse physically for his experiment, and his wife will be saved the trouble and expense of a funeral.

Thumping a Woman.

A candid brute was before a New York corner's jury on Wednesday on a charge of murdering his wife. He confessed having struck the poor woman, who was an invalid, "A woman needs a few thumps once in a while," said the witness. Evidently a little thumping will not hurt this man, and he is likely to find out how it feels.

To Our City Subscribers.

Mr. T. L. BEACHAM has been placed in charge of the subscription list and delivery of the paper, and will attend to all matters connected with the same. Every subscriber will have the paper delivered before 8 o'clock each morning.

The Weather To-Day.

At Raleigh, N. C., July 16.—The indications for the South Atlantic and East Gulf are as follows: Clear or partly cloudy, with a light breeze from the south, and a slightly higher barometer, stationary or a little warmer.

Index to New Advertisements.

Thomasville Female College.—H. W. Reinhardt, Principal.
Hollins Institute.—Charles L. Cooke, Superintendent.
Ruffin Roles, Contractor and Builder.—W. H. R. S. Tucker.
Sash, Doors and Blinds.—W. H. R. S. Tucker.

HAY AND COUNTRY NOTES.

There has been organized a Hancock club, and with pleasure that John Robinson is heading this way.

A new straw sprinkler of the cotton gin variety consists of a leaking barrel and a barrow.

Rev. W. C. Norman will preach at the Methodist Church to-morrow, both morning and evening.

There will be an inspection of the Fire Department early in August in accordance with the ordinance of the city.

Mr. H. H. Roberts, of the Young Men's Athletic Club, has secured a lot of Hancock English campaign badges.

General revenue receipts are worse than for carrying money out of a county. They took \$6,172.86 yesterday.

Learn that refrigerator freight cars carrying fruit, vegetables and matter of this kind will be run to and from Raleigh each week.

James Kough, of Raleigh, is the member from North Carolina of the Irish-American Republican Executive Committee.

The words of Raleigh are becoming daily good. There was not a ripple in the water yesterday and the Mayor is leading to do.

The Moser Tucker advertise the goods of the season this morning, and they call anything the gems of the season it is worth going to see.

Mr. J. M. Atkinson, D. D., will continue his services at the Second Presbyterian Church to-morrow morning. There will be services in the afternoon.

Due to the inclemency of the weather the Fourth of July was a very pleasant time.

Alfred Hancock was being treated by the style of pictures of the season by some of our exchanges, but the old Hancock takes the cake.

Alfred Hancock takes the cake in the contest for the next President weighs in and is three inches high.

The roll book of the Central Hancock, and Cox club is made up and members should call in and pay up their dues.

On this historic course Fellowship, Australian's son, brought the four mile time down from the record it had held for twenty years, making the best record for the distance ever yet made in a race against horses.

And it was here that Abd-el-Koree now owned by Capt. Alexander of this State ran 4 miles in 7:33, the best ever made by a 3-year old. But time and space would fail to recapitulate the heroes of the turf who have run and conquered at Saratoga.

In the races which open to-day many horses will take part who have not yet started in public, and many others who have been lying up resting since early in June. The chances are that the old scythe bearer will be set back before the meeting closes, for whoever wins in such company will know that he's been to the races.

Swannanoa was beaten at three quarter mile heats at Brighton beach last Thursday. As this used to be the mare's best distance, we are inclined to think her speed is gone, and she never had anything else.

In Bureh's South Carolina stable now at Saratoga there is a two year old son of Abd-el-Koree and Notre-Dame. He is said to be so promising that half of the trainers at the springs have become cross-eyed from trying to keep one eye on him in all his gallops.

What North Carolinians are Doing.

GLEANINGS FROM STATE EXCHANGES.

The *Courier* reports Hendersonville's population at 555; in 1870, 278.

The *Warrenton Gazette* says the census of that town adds up 815 inside town and 1,500.

Lenoir county has 1,546 white and 1,401 colored voters, as the *Kinston Journal* learns from the census returns.

The population of Warren county, exclusive of River township, is 21,210. In 1870 the whole population was 17,768.

The *Citizen* learns that corn crops in Jackson promise an extra large yield. The wheat crop was two-fifths short of last year's.

Kinston, the *Journal* says, last year lost by death 18 out of 1,217 people, or 1 to 67. In Contentment Neck Township the rate was 1 to 40.

The *Examiner* says that Cumberland has more than 20,000 people. In 1870 it had 17,935. Harnett, it reports at about 11,000. In 1870 it had 8,895.

The *Charlotte Observer* says the census returns give Mecklenburg county 34,110 people against 24,499 in 1870. Charlotte has 7,075 against 4,373 ten years ago.

The tobacco acreage in Madison county is double that of last year. Good reports of the growing crop reach the *Citizen* from Buncombe, Haywood and Madison.

The *Kinston Journal* has good reports of cotton crops in Greene and Lenoir. In Jones many farmers were late in planting and the dry spell caught them with their cotton not up.

The *Charlotte Democrat* says that crops are reported good in all the surrounding country. Rains have been general (with the exception of a very few localities) and

SUPREME COURT.—Court opened yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. Present, Chief Justice Smith and Justice Dillard. The consideration of appeals from the Fifth Judicial District was resumed and causes were disposed of as follows:

State vs. William M. Sneed, from Granville; argued by Attorney General Kenan for the State, and Merrimon, Fuller & Fuller for the defendant.

Alexander Curtis vs. Robert Cash et al., from Granville; argued by George V. Strong for the plaintiff, and J. B. & W. P. Batchelor for the defendants.

Court adjourned until 10 o'clock this (Saturday) morning, when the consideration of appeals from the Fifth Judicial District will be continued.

"BEHOLD, EARGO, BEHOLD."—Everybody all knows Col. Turk, the clever and witty agent of the Piedmont Air Line, but for the benefit of those who do not, we will say that he is about 6 feet 3, weighs 200 and as fearless as a tiger. Thursday night he was coming up to Raleigh on the Shoo Fly train. At one of the stations a diminutive African about 3 feet high got on the platform and by slamming the door and otherwise kicking up a fuss, was rapidly becoming a nuisance. Colonel went out and ordered him down. About this time the train started, and the little fellow yelled after it, "You'd better go, you d-d rascal. 'Fyou'd get of un dat train n'talk to me so, 'I'd snatched de stuffin' outer you—dash blank your soul."

DODGING STROKEK.—

Mrs. Kenan is summing in Duplin county.

Miss Mamie Lewis left for Franklin county Thursday morning.

Mrs. Jarvis is at the Cleveland Springs.

Mrs. Blackhall and Mrs. Green nee Blackhall are at Kittrells.

Col. S. G. Hayes is at Beaufort and so are Messrs. H. E. Parham, Frank Bailey and H. M. Brown.

Prof. Bauman is at Cape May.

LEAP BY LEAF THE ROSES FALL.—A single old bond came in for exchange again yesterday.

RACING.—To-day the contests for fame and here among the cracks of the year begin on the field of Saratoga. This course is connected with some of the most interesting and best of the equine battles of this country. It was here that old John Harper, in the bright July days of '70, held his old black silver spot watch on the "Fisher," and closed it with the remark, "Pretty dog-goned full of muscle, and branches out like he had 'em—in him; but I reckon old long kin make him gallop."

It was here three days afterward that the terrible cap race, run from "end to end," the big brown Kentucky ran the first mile in 1:40, and won for his owner something like \$100,000. It was here that next year the star of the great son of Leamington and Nantura set forever under the charge of Harry Bassett.

It was here that Alarm brought the mile record down to 1:42, where it stood until Grey Planet, a brother of Dr. Capaher's horse, Steel Eyes, set it back 11 seconds. It was here that Preckness and Spingsbrook ran two miles under steel and cut-gut, finishing, nose and tail, for the cup of '74, the only dead heat cap race on record.

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farmers seem to be in good spirits at the prospects of an abundant yield.

The *Index* reports Moore county's population at 16,947. In 1870 it was 12,040. Its wheat crop is turning out better than was expected. Farmers are complaining of drought, the earth not having been thoroughly wet in several months.

The *Charlotte Democrat* quotes flour at 3.10 to 3.25 per sack, \$6 to 8.50 per bbl.; wheat 1.10; corn and meal 65; oats 45; bacon 8 1/2 to 9; beef and mutton 6 to 12 1/2; butter 20 to 25; chickens 16 1/2 to 23; eggs 10; whisky 1.25; apple brandy 1.50.

The *Landmark* learns from the census returns that the oldest person in Iredell is Sallie Campbell, colored, of Olin township, whose recorded age is 104 years.

The oldest person in Statesville township is Mr. Solomon Wallace, of Statesville, aged 84. The next are Miss Eleanor Seroggs and Mr. James A. Seroggs, sister and brother, aged respectively 83 and 82. Several persons, white and colored, are recorded as 80 years of age. The oldest citizen of Shiloh township, and one of the oldest in the county, is Mr. Alexander Moore, aged 96.

In San Jose county, California, an improved apparatus for boring Artesian wells reduces the cost of a two hundred-gallon-per-minute well to \$2,000, and people are using them to run saw and grist mills. Whereupon the *Kinston Journal* says (very sensibly if wells can be made there) that "the Government has appropriated \$130,000 in order to make Neuse river navigable from Smithfield to New Bern. This money, if applied in boring Artesian wells, and if such results as above cited could be obtained, would throw 13,000 gallons of water per minute in Neuse river, which, added to the water already in the stream, would float a steamer on its placid bosom for twelve months in the year. Let's go for an appropriation to bore Artesian wells; for water is the only thing that will float steamers, and there is great lack of water in this stream."

STATE POLITICAL ITEMS.—The Democrats of Mitchell have recommended Capt. J. W. Gudger for Senator in that district.

Newbern organized a Hancock and Jarvis club on Thursday night. Half a dozen speeches were made and one hundred and fifty gentlemen signed the roll.

Col. W. R. Myers, of Mecklenburg, is the Radical nominee for Congress in the Charlotte District, and G. W. Patterson, of Cabarrus, the candidate for Elector.

The *Asheville Citizen* says that Gen. E. R. Hampton, hitherto the Western Radical brains, has taken the stump in Jackson county for Hancock, English and Jarvis.

Of James M. Gudger, Esq., the Democratic candidate for Elector in the 8th District, the *Citizen* says that he is one of the best canvassers in the State, and we undertake to say can arouse as much enthusiasm and gain as many votes as any man from any section.

The Democrats of Warren county will meet in their respective precincts on the 24th, for the purpose of re-electing Township Executive Committees under the plan set forth by the Central Executive Committee. These township committees will meet in Warren on the 2nd of August to elect a County Executive Committee.

The Democrats of Watauga have nominated Capt. E. J. Lovell for the House of Representatives. The Republicans have nominated Thomas Bingham, who claims to be an independent, the *Lenoir Topic* says. Of course Capt. Lovell will be elected by a large majority. The county is at present represented by Dr. W. B. Council, Democrat.

Major Vaughan, who has been re-nominated by acclamation in Alleghany, is an active, working member of the present House, a good parliamentarian, and a faithful watcher of his constituents' interests. He has been in the public service since 1875, having been elected to the Convention that year without opposition, to the House in 1876 by the largest vote ever cast in the county for a Representative, and again in 1878 without opposition.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.—There were three fatal cases of sunstroke in Cincinnati Thursday.

Mollie De Jarnette, who was shot by her brother in a house of ill repute in Danville, Va., last week, died Thursday evening. Her brother remains in jail awaiting trial.

It is rumored that the Indians around Deep Creek and Medical Lake, Washington Territory, have murdered several families in that vicinity, and are now on the war path.

The first bale of new cotton from Galveston, Texas, was sold in New Orleans Thursday, at a price of 16 cents per pound. It was forwarded to Fall River, Mass.

Some figures compiled by the Agricultural Department show a decided improvement in the wages of farm labor throughout the country. This is true of almost every section, and the demand for labor is reported to be good everywhere.

In Petersburg, Va., Thursday night, John Palmer, a colored employe at Tennant's tobacco factory, was fatally shot by Theodore Rainey, the watchman, while leaving the factory with a lot of tobacco concealed on his person and refusing to give it up.

Four young men took shelter under a wagon near Camden, N. J., Thursday during a thunder storm. The lightning struck the wagon and killed one of them, Derbin Raddower, aged 19 years, and dangerously injured the others, one of them it was reported fatally.

A colored State convention was held in Trenton, N. J., on Thursday, at which speeches were made and resolutions passed encouraging fealty to the Republican party and opposition to the Democracy, reflecting on President Hayes's "conciliatory policy," and proposing a national colored men's convention.

An immense oil tank belonging to the Acme Company, near Bradford, Pa., was struck by lightning Thursday, and burst out, as were also two 25,000 barrel tanks near Custer City, Pa., belonging to the United Pipe Line Company. About 82,000 barrels of oil were on fire. Four wells at Custer City were also fired. The loss by the storm and lightning will reach \$115,000.

Wednesday evening an oil-pipe line burst

near Satawanca, Pa., and the spurting oil for some means took fire. A five years' old daughter of John Washburn, who was playing at the spot when the rupture in the pipe occurred, had her clothing saturated with oil, and before she could get away was caught in the flames and roasted alive.

The Vandalia night express, due at Indianapolis at 4 o'clock a. m., was wrecked at Amo station, 25 miles west of that city, Thursday morning, by running into an open switch. Engineer Drosen had a leg badly crushed and a tramp who was stealing a ride was badly injured and will probably die. The engine and parlor car were demolished, and all the coaches were more or less damaged.

Dr. Tanner's attempt to go without food for forty days has brought to public notice several similar attempts in the past by zealous individuals. One of these attempts is that of Calvin Morgan, of Mystic, Connecticut, which occurred forty years ago. Morgan had attended religious services held by Elder Swan, and became convinced that it was his duty to fast "forty days and forty nights for the glory of God." He kept in his house during that time, and took nothing into his stomach but water, spooned occasionally with a pinch of salt.

When he began the devotion he was a strong, robust man, but at its close was weak, tottering and emaciated. He is now living, and is known as "Forty Days Morgan."

AN ARKANSAS EXAMINATION.

The Rigid System Undergone by "Cal-lid" Applicants.

[From the Little Rock Gazette.]

"Cap'n," said a colored man, entering the office of a school examiner whose skin was so black that to see him you would think he had spent his life in boiling crows for dissatisfied politicians—"Cap'n," repeated the visitor, lightly tapping on the door-casing.

"Well, sah, what is his?"

"I see called round to be 'zammened. I's a 'fessional school teacher."

"Did you know dat hit's a mighty hot cross-fit to stan' under the range ob de batteries ob my knowledge?"

"Yes, Cap'n," said the applicant, "an' being proud ob my 'compliment, I haz sought you 'stead ob goin' ter de onedycated white 'fessor."

"Yer action is dat of a wise man an' fur sich wisdom I zibited in de very bud ob de edycation rose. Oh, Ize flowery; I'll 'struct my secretary to make yer one on de sheepskin stiftik ob knowledge. Dis am figurative. We'se all out ob sheepskins, and in her place we haz substituted coonskins, tanned by a justice ob de peace. Do hit sticke you in de stomach ob recognition?"

"Yas, Cap'n."

"Well, now ter de zamination. Secretary, git down dat brass pen wid a dog-wild holder an' fetch hit heal, fur I, in de cordance wid dem 'strutions, is gwine ter tote dis man through de new groun' ob knowledge whar de briars am 'thick an' whar dar's many a toenal lyn' mung de grubbs. Now for de fust. Does yer understan' joga'y?"

"Oh, yessah, dat my holt."

"What does yer know ob grammar? Keep yer mouf open fur Ise de edycational dentist zaminin' de teef ob yer larin'."

"I eats up grammar like a man han'lin' greens."

"What about de science ob phlebotomy?"

"I wanks all ober dat science on stiks."

"What does you know 'bout metaphysic?"

"De quilt ob my bed am patched wid it."

"Mister Secretary," said the examiner turning to that functionary, "gin dis man a double stiftik. Recommend him ter de people as deablest man I haz zaminid dis year. Dar's yer papers, sah; an' remember dat de cloud ob edycation am a black one. A man dat shows such a familiarity wid science as you does is bound one day to put his foot on a white man's shoulder, reach up an' take de gown ob superiority from de peg in de wardrobe ob life's great competition. Let's see, five dollars for de single 'dorsement an' five dollars an' a half for de double 'dorsement. Gimmy ten dollars."

The money was cheerfully paid, and the man with his blotted coon-skin went out into the world to engage in the tournament of letters.

How the Cow Lost Her Tail.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

People who have cows to sell take them to King's cattle yards on Monday morning, and people who want to buy cows go there to select their animals. There is always a big crowd and any amount of chaffing. Cows of all colors, ages, shapes and sizes are tied to the fences, and the owner will take his oath that nothing but a mortgage on his farm could have induced him to part with his favorite.

The other Monday the sport of the yard was a cow with a tail about a foot and a half long. The weather was awful hot and the flies plenty, and she not only worked that old stub for all it was worth, but made it pretty lively for insects with her hind feet.

"I see smiles and hear laughter," said the owner as he faced the crowd, "but this very bob-tailed cow is worth any four in the yard. She don't look finished out with that stumpy-tail, but here is another case wherein the inventive genius of man can overcome the lost forces of nature."

He thereupon deftly affixed a small bush to her tail by means of a string, and the cow sent the flies sky-high at every rap.

"And now how did this cow lose her tail?" continued the man as he hung his coat on the fence. "She didn't cut it off herself by a jugful. She didn't cut it off herself to spite the family, for she knows how we all love her. Why, gentlemen, when I started with this cow this morning, there was more weeping and howling in the town of Redford than I ever heard at any funeral. I tell ye, bob-tailed cows not only have a place in this world's green pastures, but also in the affections of the public. I've got to sell that cow to buy liver-pads for my family, and I tell you I feel sad clear down to my boots. Excuse these tears, but that animal has got a strong hold on my affections, and we are a family that never conceal our real feelings."

By this time everybody in the yard was

in the circle around him, and the man wiped his eyes and said:

"About her lost tail. Last week a stranger came along looking for a cow which would give twenty quarts of milk at one milking. I told him he was my huckle-berry. That cow has done it time and again, and she'll do it every day in the year. The stranger laughed. That kinder stung me, and I told him if she didn't pan out twenty full quarts of milk I'd cut off her tail. If she did, he was to give me \$50 for the cow. Ladies and gentlemen, I set down and milked. I felt as sure of this \$50 as I do of leaving this yard alive, but alas! this is a vain world. She had got hold of something wrong that day, and all I could get out of her was nineteen quarts, one pint and one gill. I am a man of my word, and off went her tail. Now, then, if there is any person here who isn't daddled particular about that missing gill of milk let 'em step forward, plank down \$25, and take away the best cow which ever pulled grass in Wayne county."

New York Court Scene.

[New York Herald's Report.]

The mischief must have been successfully played by Mme. Eugenie Corson in the apartments in Bleeker street where she and Monsieur give music lessons and prepare for nightly appearance in operatic choruses. The officer on post had heard a wild hullabaloo indoors, and on stumbling over hall door music stands had discovered Monsieur standing in a corner cowed and expostulating, while Madame held the centre of the floor in a manner fierce and threatening. The officer's interference did no good, and Monsieur's scattered locks once or twice narrowly escaped reduction. There was no help for it. M. Corson's irate spouse had to be arrested, and up to the Jefferson Market Police Court he trudged along with her to get an explanation. Madame could not be pacified even when on the stand.

"Ah! *et ingrat*," she cried. "He tell me zere is none like me, and he no lofe me. He go to anozzer."

"Why, what is this all about? Explain yourself, Madame," the court said.

"Ah, it is heem—my hoosband. He write to anozzer woman! He write to heem. He care no more for me."

"How is this, Corson? What pranks have you been up to?"

Monsieur shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyes devoutly.

"How shall I tell?" he said. "I do not know what she mean. I hear de hallo of what-you-call-heem, de posts, you know. She go out to heem. Ven she come back, *sacre*, she is mad!"

"Ah, you do know well," Madame interrupted. "It came from her. De letaire to you. See! I hev it here," and she triumphantly waved a tiny, scented missive before Monsieur's astonished eyes. He seemed all the more mystified, and his Honor said:

"Well, what does she write in it to anger you so?"

"Write! I vood not read vat she write. Pah!" and she cast the billet down on the bar.

"Why, it is not opened," the court said, taking it up. "With your permission," and he tore off the envelope. These were the contents:

To Madame Blanc, fashionable dressmaker, Mr. E. Corson, Dr.—

One black dollman for Mrs. Corson.....\$25.00 July 12, '80.

He handed it to Madame. She looked at it, gasped, caught Monsieur by the arm and they hurried off together.

Colored Political Troubles.

[From Detroit Free Press.]

"Las time as de ole woman an' me sot on de back steps to cool our feet," began the President as the last meeting of the Detroit Lime-Kiln Club was opened.

"Uncle Fobus cum rushin' in wid his hand an' his eyes as big as dollars. Uncle Fobus am a Republican, an' some Democrat had got at him an' made him believe dat Garfield used to saw niglers in two at so much per head. De ole man's garden patch am all choked up wid weeds and he's purty hard up for clothes, but he couldn't put his hand to work until he found out if dat story war true. He 'hadn't been gone away an hour before old Daddy Smith cum whoopin' in by de alley-gate, lookin' as wild as if a bar war arter him. He am a Democrat, an' some 'publican had got at him an' made him almos' b'lieve dat General Hancock would sell all de dullard folks into slavery if he war 'lected President. Ole Daddy lost half a day on a cash job to trot round with such a fool-story on his tongue, an' he needs money if anybody does. It makes me discouraged when I see what fools some nigghars be. What's de reason dat Daddy Smith, Uncle Fobus an' chery under daddery an' uncle 'bunge de counsel trile can't sot on de fence an' let de white folks fight dis out? It ain't our muss. We can't gain nor lose a single shillin', so matter who am President. I tell you agin, an' I'm gwine to keep on tellin' ye, dat de cullud man who goes into politics am de white man's fool. He may count one in a torchlight procession, but he will also count one in de crowd befo' de pool-master n'er winter. Politics hain't in us. We hain't got de meanness to stan' up an' promise an' lie an' cheat an' deceive. Our skulls am too thick, an' our tongues don't move fast 'nuff. We will now attack de reg'lar order of business."

WAITS.—Robinson (after a long whilst bout at the club)—"It is awfully late, Brown. What will you say to your wife?" Brown (in a whisper)—"Oh, shan't say much you know. 'Good mornin' dear,' or something of that sort. She'll say the rest."

A Galveston schoolboy persisted in throwing his hat on the floor, until finally the teacher chastised him severely.

"Now," said the breathless teacher, "do you know where your hat ought to have been?"

"Yes, sir; inside my—my—clothes, sir."

City Business Items.

W. H. & P. S. Tucker open this morning a new case of Union Linen Vests, at 6c. Fast colors, well-assorted patterns.

Was Agn's High Priced—White Vests 75c; worth \$1.00. White and Brown Vests, \$1.25; worth \$1.50. White Duck Vests and Pants, \$1.50 each; worth \$2.00 and \$3.00. Silk Scarfs, 50c; worth 75c. Silk Hand-

kerchiefs,

